

# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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## Our Outlook Tower.

### NEW YEAR GREETINGS.

ONCE more we send hearty greetings and good wishes to our thousands of readers at home and abroad, also to the faithful band of contributors who instruct and inspire us month by month wholly as a labour of love! May the New Year bring rich blessings to all; may the light and comfort of Spiritualism reach many who yet walk in gloom and sorrow; and may heaven grant Life more abundant to all who serve the Truth!

### AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTS AND FREEDOM.

MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER, editor of the *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, U.S.A., is leading the van in the battle for religious freedom for American Spiritualists. She has prepared a petition to President Coolidge, tersely setting forth most cogent reasons why Spiritualism should be as highly respected as a present-day religion as any other freely permitted, and this petition, sent broadcast through her newspaper, is already being largely and influentially signed. Two of its clauses are:—

"Therefore, we, the undersigned citizens of the United States, do here and now, and ever will, firmly protest against the enactment and enforcement of statute laws under which Spiritualists and their mediums are persecuted and interfered with as law-breakers and vagrants in the exercise of their religious rights."

"Therefore, we petition you, our Honoured President and head of our Government, for a redress of those grievances which are an outrage, perpetrated upon millions of good citizens because of their religious beliefs and convictions."

Mrs. Cadwallader reprints a former petition signed by 13,000 American citizens and presented to Congress in 1854, which was merely laid on the table and preserved among the nation's archives. (It will be remembered that a similar British Petition to Parliament signed by over 40,000 citizens ten years ago was never even presented!) She feels that the time for apathetic endurance of the civil wrongs under which Spiritualists suffer has long gone past and thus concludes her rousing appeal:—

"The time has come when, as citizens of the United States, we must ask for recognition. Spiritualism is accepted as a religion by millions of people. Through its mediums have been proven the continuity of life and communication with those gone before. It has made millions happy. Why then must Spiritualists and their mediums be subjected to indignity and be interfered with? It must not be. Let all who believe in religious liberty stand with the Spiritualists in their endeavour to maintain their right to freedom of conscience."

### PERMANENT INJUNCTION AGAINST POLICE.

THE Spiritualist "Church of Revelation," Oakland, California, has just secured a notable victory for Spiritualism.

For over a year the Chief of Police in San Francisco had perpetrated a series of outrageous arrests, disturbances and attempted intimidations of the Rev. J. J. Dickson, the beloved pastor who is a medium of remarkable powers, even to the extent of making an arrest during a religious service.

The congregation and pastor therefore applied to the High Court of the State for a permanent injunction to protect them against such insolent and oppressive police interference. This injunction has now been granted by Judge Louis H. Ward, and "perpetually enjoins, restrains, commands, requires and prohibits" the said Chief Constable, with his captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and all persons acting under their control or direction, from in any wise interfering with

the said church or any of its members in conducting its religious meetings," and "from humiliating, terrorising, intimidating and annoying the plaintiff's church, its officers, members, pastor, and employees in the conduct of the church or in the enjoyment of its religious ceremonies, wherever the same may be conducted in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California."

Seldom have the police in any country been so effectually snubbed and condemned for its outrageous misuse of the machinery of justice for religious persecution, and it is to be hoped the spirited example of the Oakland Spiritualists will not be lost sight of when police officiousness goes out of its beat, as it so often does, to interfere with the civil and religious liberty of enlightened and peaceable Spiritualists. Spiritualists in this country are too often passive and meek under oppression, but no liberty worthy the name was ever achieved without a courageous fight.

### AN "IMPARTIAL" EXAMINATION.

THE REV. HUBERY NOKE, M.C., of Stirchley, Birmingham, preaching at Aylesbury recently, described Spiritualism as "a camouflaged form of vulgar morbid hysteria interwoven with a fragment of truth," and informed his hearers that "a perfectly impartial examination had revealed that of the so-called Spiritualist mediums ninety per cent at least were frauds, who preyed upon broken human hearts, which they buoyed up for a time and in the end left prostrate and helpless." The reverend gentleman obviously feels strongly on the matter, but we shall thank him for some particulars of this alleged "perfectly impartial examination." By whom, where, and when was it conducted, and what documentary proof exists of its drastic finding? We offer him an opportunity to reply to these pertinent questions in our next issue, and trust he will not fail us.

### THE RETURN OF BORROWED BOOKS.

Over thirty years ago we suggested to the late Mr. W. T. Stead that he should inaugurate some particular week in the year, to be known henceforth as "THE STEAD WEEK" in the calendar, during which there should be a universal ransacking of bookshelves and a prompt return of other people's treasured volumes which had settled there for good. Mr. Stead accepted the idea with pleasure, and wrote us he meant to carry it into effect, but amid so many calls on his energies the idea was lost sight of. When the Stead Memorial was unveiled on the Victoria Embankment we mentioned the project in this *Gazette*, and it was adopted on a small scale in Australia. "Altruistic," a well-known Spiritualist, who was responsible for this effort, wishes us to keep the notion alive by referring to it again. What an amount of pleasure would be given to the owners of long-lost volumes if they found them returned as an agreeable form of New Year's Greeting! And what an amount of satisfaction would be given to the consciences of all careless borrowers if they would attend to this urgent duty which is so often entirely neglected!

### PROFITABLE POLICE BUSINESS.

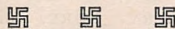
The *Watford Observer* reports the case of a Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler, who was recently arrested for fortune-telling and brought before the Watford magistrates. From the evidence it appeared that Mrs. Wheeler had previously practised her art without objection at Wembley Exhibition and before starting business at Watford had consulted the Superintendent of Police who said "he could not prevent her any more than she could stop him taking a shop." Consequently she advertised as a palmist and character reader, and did good business at 1s. a time, until the Superintendent had her arrested on the complaint of four professional witnesses. Three of them were policemen's wives, and the other was only designated by name and address, but during her reading "the police officer intervened." The magistrates found that the future had been foretold, and fined the lady £5 four times over—that is £20—because of the clever device of providing four complainers! Mr. Arthur Wheeler, the husband, was also summoned in that he "unlawfully did use certain subtle craft, to wit by palmistry, to deceive and impose upon one Vera Bennett," but as he only opened the door to the complainants the charge against him was dismissed on condition that he paid the police costs.

### PROGRESS IN JOHANNESBURG.

The Spiritualists of Johannesburg were highly gratified lately by finding in the *Johannesburg Star* (a most influential South African daily newspaper which has hitherto treated Spiritualism with scepticism) a two and



a half column article on Lieut. R. Lester Coltman, the interesting story of whose death in the war and his return in spirit is so well-known in this country, through the book written by his mother. The long introduction to this book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the foreword written by Miss Lilian Walbrook, the aunt who received the messages automatically, are given almost in full, along with a selection of the spirit-messages. The lieutenant was a brilliant student at Johannesburg and Potchefstroom, and gaining a South African government scholarship proceeded to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was when the great war broke out. He became an officer in the Coldstream Guards and was killed at Cambrai. Mr. A. J. Tuson, a leading Johannesburg Spiritualist, wrote to the editor of the *Star* thanking him for this friendly account, and said:—"It no doubt brought to memory the consolation which many a distracted mind received during the war when they got news that their dear ones had entered the change known as death. It was then that one saw tears of sorrow turned to joy, when they were given the truth that there is no death." The *Star* mentions that Mrs. Coltman, the lieutenant's mother, is now at Johannesburg, holding an important post at the General Hospital, where her son's photograph stands on her office desk.



### SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

By J. B. SURGENOR.

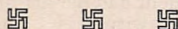
INTEREST in the Spiritualist Movement has been greatly stimulated in Scotland by meetings in Glasgow (November 29) and Edinburgh (December 3) addressed by the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lind-af-Hageby. An audience of some 1,800 assembled in the Hippodrome under the auspices of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, and listened with keen sympathetic interest. No doubt many who had come with very erroneous ideas of the subject went home to think it over from a new standpoint.

THE DUCHESS said Spiritualism had never penetrated to the surface of social problems so much as it did now. To-day the subject was discussed in the newspapers and interpenetrated social and political thought. It mattered little to be called a fool, lunatic, or a dealer with Satan provided the glorious and pure truths they proclaimed were being slowly but surely absorbed by the very people who attacked them. This was the one certain and wholly delightful compensation on the stony path of the reformer. Men were realising that purely materialistic solutions would never satisfy and solve present-day problems.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY delivered a trenchant and stimulating address, and made a strong appeal for the protection of mediums, and for the repeal of obsolete laws under which they were at present prosecuted.

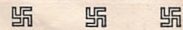
MR. J. B. MACINDOE, Secretary of the Glasgow Association, in acknowledging the services of the speakers, said that any organisation, even one like the Glasgow Association with a record of sixty years' work behind it, might feel honoured by the presence on its platform of the lady who ranked first in the hereditary nobility of Scotland, but an even greater honour was conferred on them, in that they had with them again two ladies whose personal characters, qualities, attainments, and records of service invested them with high rank in that greater nobility whose portals only admitted those worthy to enter, on whose scroll merit alone conferred pride of place, in accordance with good deeds done and faithful service rendered.

The Edinburgh meeting was under the auspices of the Scottish District Council of the Spiritualists' National Union. It was held in the Music Hall, and was attended by 500 to 600 people. The addresses were on similar lines to those given in Glasgow.



HONOURING BRIGHTON'S PIONEER SPIRITUALISTS.—On December 13, Mrs. J. Millott Severn read the following memorial tribute at the Mighell Street Spiritualist Church, and also at the Athenaeum Hall meetings:—"The flowers on the table this morning were subscribed for and presented by two or three old members of the parent society, in loving and glad remembrance of four brave good women who have passed on to the higher life—Mrs. Maltby, who passed out on the 9th December, 1915, Mrs. Curry, on the 29th October, 1923, and Miss Agnes Maltby and Mrs. Acton, who both passed out last Sunday, 6th December. These good women were friends, and worked together thirty years ago, when they and a few fellow members met every Sunday evening in a small room down a long alley situated at the back of Queen's Road, Brighton. We were often obliged to lock the doors to prevent interruptions. Now there are no less than four societies in Brighton and Hove, which attract undreds of people to their meetings every Sunday,

and which are held with open doors. All this is the outcome or harvest of these four quiet workers, whom we delight to honour here to-day."



### A PSALM OF LIFE.

By M. G. Dalton.

**G**REAT SOUL, link not up thyself with a lesser soul, or thy way in life will be a difficult way.

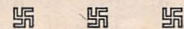
Great Soul, look not into the eye of a lesser soul, for there shall be no depth found therein. But look deep into the eye of a great soul, and the depths of love found therein shall be unfathomable, and the wonders thereof untold.

Great Soul, go not to seek the beauties of Nature with a lesser soul, for a lesser soul will dim that beauty. See ye the beauties of Nature with a great soul, and the grandeur of her mountains and the mightiness of her torrents will so glorify thee that in very truth thou shalt feel thyself a very god.

Great Soul, let not the lesser souls pander to thy earthly senses. Seek ye the great souls who will feed thy spirit, *not* with the vanities of the flesh, but with the glories of the universe.

Great Soul, think kindly of the lesser souls, but be not one with them, lest thou fall from the high place thou hast attained through ages past. And so, again, thou wilt have to climb the steep and rugged path of attainment.

Great Soul, beloved of God Almighty, rise, rise to the immortal heights of glory!



### DR. FRANKLIN ON FALCONER PHOTOGRAPH.

(Letter to the Editor.)

346 Beacon Street,  
Boston, Mass., December 14, 1925.

DEAR SIR,—No offence is taken at the item referring to me in your December issue. But possibly you may care to know the exact facts, which, as is often the case, do not correspond to the surface appearance from your point of view.

1. I did not "suggest" that I was the first to discover that the "St. John" picture was from a Murillo. I only inquired "Am I the first to discover?" etc.—a natural expression of wonder that the picture had passed the inspection of many persons and been published unquestioned by your esteemed magazine, whereas I recognised the picture at the first glance as one I had seen, and identified it after an hour's search.

2. You remark that I omitted to mention that the same discovery was made by a Scarborough artist and printed in the October number of the *Gazette*. Right: lacking prophetic powers I neglected to mention this in an article posted to the *Scientific American* on September 25, two and a half weeks before that *Gazette* could have reached me. To be sure, my article did not appear until November 20, but it was in type long before that, and I should have had some difficulty in persuading the editor to let me add news bulletins to it from time to time.

It is of minor importance who identified the picture first. The important thing is that a mutilated and disguised Murillo was passed off as a spirit photograph, the figure representing the Deity was claimed to be St. John, and four conventional cherubs painted two and a half centuries ago were "recognised" by four mothers as their respective children.—I am, etc.,

WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE.

NOTE.—We are loth to deprive Dr. Franklin Prince of his glowing pride in first discovery, but the Scarborough lady artist really is entitled to that honour, as she notified us that the Edinburgh psychic photograph reproduced part of Murillo's "Holy Family" some days before Dr. Prince ever saw it! The Doctor required no prophetic powers, but only a little fair-mindedness, to correct his sensational article during the six weeks he possessed this knowledge before it appeared in the *Scientific American*. We are convinced the editor would have required no great persuading to delete the words, "Am I the first to discover?" etc., from the proof, though he might well object to "add news bulletins to it from time to time!" The doctor kept carefully up his sleeve at the same time the detailed information he received in October *Gazette* that the reproduction of existing paintings, photographs, and writings on genuine psychic photographs is no new phenomena in the history of psychical research, a fact which so eminent a Research Officer as himself ought to have known long ago without our instruction.—Ed., I.P.G.



# Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

WRITTEN DOWN BY WILL CARLOS.

TRANSCRIBER'S INTRODUCTION.—Readers of the "International Psychic Gazette" will remember the first series of Casedyn's writings during 1923. They were in verse with illustrations. This new series were given me at the same time, also in verse, but in response to request I have transposed them into prose, it being deemed a more acceptable form for perusal.

Casedyn was a native of Britain in the period of the Roman occupation of this country, and was killed in the attack of a Roman legion against the Druids. When he entered the spirit-life and had had a time of rest or restoration he was given a mission to descend into the lower planes or regions of the earth-bound sphere, to endeavour to win souls to the light by the charm of his music. His experiences were remarkable, and highly worthy of the reader's earnest study. At the close of his first venture, he had another period of rest, and started afterwards on a second mission. Some of his verse will be given in this series, but not more than is necessary for the complete understanding of his narrative. During life he was a bard or poet under the Druidic system, the bards being the second rank between the novitiates and Druids. They were the inspirational mediums of their day, and nearly always gave their addresses in poetic or lyric form.—WILL CARLOS.

## WITH THE SPIRITS IN HADES.

HAVING completed my cycle of visits, my longing to again behold my loved ones began to stir my pulses. With the thought there came a sense of transport, and I found myself at the top of the old familiar path I have so often referred to. My pilgrims also were with me, and as we ascended the crest, we were greeted with cries of welcome which echoed all around us, although we could not perceive the authors thereof.

My Guide then spake: "Casedyn, a rest-time thou needest. Go bask in the smiles of thy family who await thee." He lifted up his hand, and lo! I had arrived at a pleasaunce, enshrined in beauty. Myriads of flowers of the rarest types exhaled their fragrance; graceful trees and shrubs were there in abundance, fountains were splashing, birds were singing, and the atmosphere of peace and joy was most refreshing. A residence girt with vines and creepers, and aglow with fruit and flowers, stood before me, and the door stood wide open. A motto worked with flowers on a background of laurels was hung above the portal, and I read on it the one word "Croesau" (welcome). It was indeed my welcome home, for there in the doorway stood my gracious wife with arms extended to enfold me, and my children Myra, Gwladys and Ison clapped their hands for joy. I turned in my gratefulness to thank my Guide, but he had vanished.

After a period passed in a transport of pure and undiluted happiness, I went out one day and sat on the Hill of Calm, looking down on the valley which lay at my feet. In that valley now dwelt the fruits of my mission. It was a sight encouraging and ennobling, for there those whom I had influenced wrought in the early dawn of their new career, working to remove the stains of folly and error, the scars of their recent hard fights, the sweat of their toils, the tatters of their once loved garments. This dawn-time was but a prelude, a foretaste, the break of a felicitous day—a rest from terror and toil, and from the noise and heat of the fray.

Here they had the assistance of a zealous band of workers from the adjacent hill-country, before whom their souls were laid bare. It was the privilege and duty of these angels to anoint them with balm, to soothe and free them from care, to encourage the faltering ones, to prop up the weak ones, to administer fragrant herbs for their strengthening, and to reunite the parted ones. All were helped according to their needs, and solace and comfort were given to the despairing ones. These angels had power to heal, and they passed through the valley afoot, extracting the sharp stings of sin from their patients' consciences, and plucking out every root of discord from the garden-plots of their souls. They

were inspired to instruct, direct, and establish these souls in the Truth Divine.

I felt grateful that my efforts had helped to release some souls from the gyves of earth's conditions, from the sordidity of the sensuous; that here were people of all climes and periods, the wreckage of many a storm, now immune from the lure of the flesh, guarded by angels of light. I thought of the efforts of men to hamper one's freedom of thought, to curb the high soarings of the mind, to silence the outspoken voice. No thralls of that kind were taught by the Bards, for we taught that Gwynfyd's doors were ever open to the sacred dead.

Then out of the void there came a voice bidding me go forth again to carry on further work of emancipation. Proud of the honour conferred I girded my loins for the task, bade my loved ones farewell, took up my harp again, and set my face once more toward the deeper valleys where my new duties were to be carried out. My route led through by-ways unknown to me, but directed by the Spirit I descended into realms which brought a chill to my veins. Doubts, fears, and suspicions hung low as clouds in the depressing air. The first road I came to ascended a hill, and its surface was of slippery ice, which made the climbing difficult. Had not my sandals been shod with some of the graces divine I should have fared ill, but as it was, I at last reached the summit.

There before me lay a stately city, white in hue, girded around by high walls, and many towers, and fenced about with a barrier of hillocks, as though prepared for a siege. Ponderous gates between the towers gave access to the city, but not one was ajar. Vigilant watchmen stood above each gate, or strode along the silent battlements. On my approach to the gate I selected I was challenged by its warder, "Whence are thou come, whither goest thou, and what is thy business here?" cried he, in a tone monotonous as though he had been repeating the cry for ages. "Out of the valley have I wandered, and hither come, hoping for aid and nourishment," I replied. "What art thou?" came the query. "As thou seest, I am a minstrel," I answered, "and for my refreshment will sing thee songs, or recount unto thee tales for thine entertainment." Surlily he replied, "Thou canst not pass within until permission is given. The warden's consent must be obtained ere thou canst enter." "Go then to thy warden, and say a minstrel seeks audience, and will regale him with music as a set-off to his hospitality," cried I. "Stand where thou art until I return," he snapped, and disappeared from the walls.

Then presently the gate swung open and the warder bade me enter, grumbling that it was strange I was wishful to enter, and saying he suspected me of some subtle design. "What meanest thou?" I cried. "Are visitors so rare that thou art warranted to suspect them of covert purpose?" "Rare is the word to describe it," he answered, "for few succeed in climbing yon slippery hillside to apply for admission here." "What is the name of the city?" I asked. "We call it the city of Attainment," he answered, "for no one can hope to enter until they put forth strenuous effort to reach it. Weakness must be defied, and falls avoided, in order to reach the crest. The hill slope we call 'Endeavour,' the snowy platform 'Success.' Both are so planned to discourage idle visitors, and to facilitate their retreat if they should be expelled. For I tell thee we are very particular as to our choice of residents. We are proud of our isolation; we prefer to remain aloof from the rest, for we consider ourselves exalted above the people who inhabit the valley, and we are proof against their allurements."

"What manner of men and women do ye welcome?" I asked. "The advanced, the cultured, the refined; the students of mystical lore; those who have gone through the training imposed upon them by the schools through which they essay to qualify for residence here." "I have heard men speak of Parnassus and Olympus," quoth I; "surely this place is neither." "Not so; but it is a substitute for those, more fitted for men nursed in the newer schools of philosophy."

"What hath thy city then to give unto men in reward for their attainment?" I inquired. "This city is a shrine which contains one priceless gem, such as no other city can boast—a gem of inestimable value, a treasure for which man hath been seeking from the beginning of time." "And what is the name of this fabulous gem?" I ventured to ask. "It is the crystal of Power, the lever by which we propose to renew the heavens and the earth, and to subdue all forces, and subject them to our will." "Thy words doth whet my appetite for more. I crave to behold this gem for I, too, have heard of its fame. Come, let us pass within and behold the face of thy warden."

(Concluded on next page.)



## The New Spiritualist Church at Wimbledon.

THE Wimbledon Spiritualist Mission, which has hitherto met at Broadway Hall (a converted hayloft over a shoeing forge), near Wimbledon Station, opened their new and handsome church at 134-6 Hartfield Road, on Wednesday, December 16. The dedication of the church was made by Mr. R. A. Bush, the president, and its consecration by the Rev. G. Vale Owen.

This mission has been in operation for the past twelve years, and through the services of its honorary workers and visiting speakers and mediums it has brought comfort, solace, and intellectual satisfaction to thousands of hungry souls. It has also been the means of giving spiritual healing to thousands of sick people.

The church has accommodation for a congregation of about 250 persons. It is built with bricks, roofed with asbestos tiles, and is simply though effectively decorated within in pale purple and gold. The total cost, including the freehold site, has been about £2,400, exclusive of furniture, but a great amount of time and free labour has been given in its preparation by devoted members and friends of the mission. The land will give room for an additional hall to accommodate 250 people when that is required.

The church was quite full at the opening ceremony. This was in the form of a regular service with hymns, invocation, silence, reading of scripture, and finally an excellent sermon by the Rev. G. Vale Owen on the continuous manifestations of psychic power all through the ages.

Mr. RICHARD BUSH said that night saw the fruition of many years of prayer, of aspiration, and of loving sacrifice. They had now a home of their own, in a building much

more commodious than the one they had left. They owned the new church as well as the land on which it was built. This achievement fixed them in Wimbledon, as representing the Spiritualist cause, among the regular places of worship, Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Dissenting. They had not eagerly rushed from their brothers and sisters in these churches, but they had seen a new light of truth which they felt it their duty to proclaim. They were now opening this new church on the third Wednesday in December, and it was exactly on the same day twelve years ago the Mission had held its first meeting. He thanked all the many friends who had for so many years contributed their labour and money to the mission and brought it to its present happy situation. He felt sure God's message to them was, "Well done, good and faithful servants!" He then solemnly dedicated the building to God and prayed for the divine blessing on the work about to be carried on within its walls. There would be the work of preaching and the exercise of the various spiritual gifts of their seers and mediums, as well as the beautiful healing work they had hitherto carried on. These services they now dedicated to God the All Father, and their church they dedicated to the holy ones of light, including Jesus the Christ, whose presence among them they invoked. Finally, they also dedicated themselves as servants of God ready to perform His will and to make even greater sacrifices than they had already made on behalf of their brothers and sisters in both worlds.

The Rev. G. VALE OWEN then said: "In the name of the ever blessed Trinity, and in the strength and power of Christ Jesus our Lord, I consecrate this building to the use and service of the One Father. May His blessing rest on all who minister in this place, and may all who come to this house be blessed for their coming!"

At the close of the proceedings a collection was taken up which amounted to £24 3s.

## A Haunted House at St. John's Wood.

By WARWICK EARL.

THE winter and spring of 1924 I spent in a house in St. John's Wood, which had enjoyed (?) the reputation of being haunted for a number of years. Never, however, shall I forget the extraordinary happenings which myself, two gentlemen, and two ladies experienced there.

It was a large house, and although the upstairs floor was the one where most of the phenomena occurred, the other parts of the house were also the scenes of manifestations. When I arrived I found that a Mr. K— and his wife had removed to a room facing the front of the house, after previously occupying the one I was given at the back. There was a wardrobe in this room, which no matter how tightly locked, or with a chair or table placed against it to keep it shut, would invariably be found wide open in the morning.

It was a room with a most unrestful atmosphere, and one after another of the guests put there to sleep requested that, if possible, they should be moved into another room. A celebrated artist was put there one night, and at 2 a.m. he carried his bedclothes downstairs to sleep in the drawing-room. He said the room was "terribly evil," and "full of a horror which terrified him."

We tried some experiments in this particular room, which we eventually termed the "Ghost Room." For example, someone placed a bottle of milk there one night on a chair; next morning it was found removed to another part of the room, and standing upside down. Some superstitious members of the party said the bottle, being turned upside down, signified death to one of them, as it was equivalent to Omaha's saying—"Turn down an empty glass." As far as I know none of the party has died yet, though all including myself have met with diabolical ill-luck.

We locked up the Ghost Room, leaving in it the milk bottle, washed out and empty. Next day all of us went in a body, and on opening the Ghost Room found the empty milk bottle high up on a shelf, and filled half full with a curious sticky sort of substance white in colour. Though the bottle was thoroughly washed out we could never eradicate its white stain, though we tried caustic soda and every possible thing.

One evening, while sitting in the oak dining room after dinner, we saw the door handle slowly turn; the door then opened fully and stood wide open; but nothing to account for this was to be seen. It then suddenly closed again and the handle turned. Previous to the door opening we had heard sounds of unaccountable footsteps in the passage outside. I shall never forget

how we felt frozen with horror. We also heard footsteps all over the house, in rooms we knew to be unoccupied; and these were heard even in the daytime by the cook who came in daily but did not sleep in the house. The electric light would frequently be found turned on in the morning, when the cook came at 8 a.m., yet it had been carefully turned off on the previous night.

Despite these ghostly happenings it was a most charming house, and I only wish we could have found a reason for the hauntings. No one ever stayed very long, and all the neighbouring tradespeople knew of its sinister reputation. On the top floor it had a hollow staircase leading to two enormous attics, the floors of which had long since fallen into decay and had never been repaired. It had been suggested that as the hollow staircase was next door to the Ghost Room, there might have been some connection between the two.

A Mr. W—, one of the house party, on going upstairs one night felt something take hold of his ankle, and he very nearly fell over the bannisters. On entering his bedroom one evening to get some cigarettes, I felt myself violently pushed forward from the back as I entered the room.

Another curious incident occurred there in connection with a telephone message which came for Mr. W—. A man's voice asked him on the telephone to call on a Mr. L— and his wife at a certain address in Finchley Road, N.W. Mr. W— knew no people of such a name, nor had ever heard of them. On going to the address with a friend, he found the house from which the telephone message had come was empty and had long been so, and no one in the neighbourhood had ever heard of anyone of the name given.

The phenomena seemed all so meaningless in their weirdness that I concluded they emanated from spirits which had become earthbound for some cause to this house.

### SPIRIT MESSAGES FROM THE DRUID BARD.

(Continued from preceding page.)

In due course we came upon the Warden, seated on a sumptuous throne, draped as one vested with high authority. His bearing was that of intense pride, and his eyes showed marked disfavour. "What is thy name and thy nation?" he demanded in the harshest of tones. I answered, "Casedyn and Gwalia." "What is thy motive or purpose for coming hither?—for I perceive thou dost not come in the quest." "Thou dost misjudge me, O Warden, I am come on the quest, but not such as brings men to thy gates. I am in quest of souls that need the light."

(To be continued.)



## Reunion Through Forgiveness.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

THERE is a Spirit in The Beyond who passed over many years ago, one who in the past when on earth had done me great injustice, which I had lived down and forgotten and thought I had forgiven, though I had never put that forgiveness into words. Years ago when first I learned the truths of Spiritualism and realised that those who broke the law of love in this life reaped sorrow in the next, I began to pray for those who had caused me suffering, that they might find peace and happiness. I realise now that this was only a cheap kind of forgiveness; it had not the positive force of real love behind it, and so in time I forgot.

Latterly, this Spirit has made several efforts to communicate with me. On three occasions when I visited a direct-voice medium—not on my own account but in accompanying friends—she each time addressed me through the trumpet, very weakly, and she only got a few sentences through, but they were very evidential ones, so that I was forced to recognise that it was really her. I fear I was not as helpful or encouraging even then as I should have been. She had not appeared to care for me when on earth, and I wondered why she now took the trouble of trying to communicate with me. It did not dawn on me that in all these years this Spirit might have been progressing, maybe had even been making attempts to help me, maybe had got into touch with my Spirit Helpers, so that she might have opportunity to approach me; that perhaps remorse had kept her near the plane of earth and that she was seeking through restitution and love to rise into a higher state. The natural man in me did not at the moment realise or appreciate the wonders of transformation that can be effected by the wise and loving Teachers and the Christ influence in the great Beyond—that even hate can be transmuted into love.

Then it happened that I was invited to sit with a young medium for psychic photography. I agreed to do so without the slightest expectation of an "extra." The friend who sat with me thought the photo over-exposed and not a success, though there was an upside-down attempt at an extra head between me and the boy medium. But directly I saw it I recognised the face of this same Spirit. I then felt she was striving to get into more direct touch with me for some reason, so I consulted an experienced psychic friend who advised me to give her a good opportunity of speaking to me, for she might be feeling that I did not understand the great change that had taken place in her since she had been in spirit life; she perhaps longed to convince me of this, and to sweep out the old memories that, all unknown to me, still lingered in my subconscious mind. No doubt she knew that I had prayed for her more from duty than from love, and she wanted to awaken those deeper chords of feeling that alone make prayer an impelling force—the asking and the answer one.

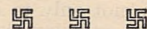
It was arranged therefore that I should have a private sitting with a trance medium who was neither told my name nor anything concerning me, until after the sitting. I was an absolute stranger to her. I asked my friend to be present for I felt he would be a great help at perhaps a difficult sitting. After a time, this Spirit was

enabled to control the entranced medium and she and I had a few pregnant words together of intimate import. She also spoke about the mental suffering she had been through after her long sleep on passing over, of her bitter remorse, and how after what seemed an eternity she had learnt the real meaning of love, and at long last had found happiness because she saw that I was now able to really forgive as well as forget. She asked me again to pray for her, for this helped her. I assured her I would do so, and that the past was absolutely forgiven. She said, "I am happy now I know that you are happy." As she departed the medium's control said, "The Guides are taking her away into a new sphere, where she will find joy in work; she is now released from the weight and pain of remorse." As she was going she called back in quite a bright and happy voice, "I shall come again; I am going to learn many things and how to manifest better. God bless you!" In the new tone of the voice there vibrated the joy of freedom from an intolerable burden and gladness at immediate progression.

Here was assurance and very touching evidence of the work carried on by the advanced ones on the other side, by the ministers of the great and infinitely kind Father of All. They, in pursuance of His purpose and plan, watch ever for that moment of spiritual awakening, the sloughing off of the clinging self-made earth conditions. When the desire for progress is roused in a soul, they come to the support of such a one, encircling it with protection and guidance through its trials and difficulties on the forward and upward path. The sad or ignorant and the so-called sinner are never left hopeless; there are rays of light shining on them if they can but open their eyes to perceive them, indicating the kindly nearness of their guides and would-be helpers.

The moral of an experience such as this is surely that we must not by remembering unkindness or injury, nor by withholding our unqualified forgiveness, retard the progress of anyone who in the past was unkind to us or did us hurt. The spiritual law is that as we forgive so shall we be forgiven. In other words, there can be no progression for us if we refuse forgiveness when it is asked of us. Unforgiveness harboured in the mind causes a deformity in the spiritual aura and the etheric body.

"The past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done, the tears are shed;  
Yesterday's wrongs let yesterday cover,  
Yesterday's wounds that smarted and bled  
Are healed by the healing that night has shed."



### A SENSE OF SUPPLICATION.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees;  
But silently by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to Love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close,  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought exprest  
Only a sense of supplication;  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, everywhere,  
Eternal strength and wisdom are.  
To be beloved is all I need,  
And whom I love I love indeed.

—Coleridge.



## Some Reflections on Fortune Telling.

By W. H. EVANS.

THE periodic appearance before the magistrates of some unfortunate psychic may add to the gaiety of nations, if not of those who happen to be caught attempting to peer into the future. We are all alike in wishing to know what is just ahead of us. I heard a friend once remark to a palmist, "My dear madame, I know as much about myself as I desire to know, but if you can tell me a little of what is just in front of me, I shall be greatly indebted to you." That is it—what is in front of us; and this wishing to know the future is a very human trait.

It is said that Nature never implants an appetite without supplying the means for its satisfaction, and this desire to unveil the future implies the possibility of the future being known. It is known to some, but then it is not really the future, for that which is present to some mind *is*, and, so being, is ever present. Our three-dimensional way of looking at things is very convenient, but it should be remembered it is not the only way of looking at life. The series of phenomena which life presents to us is viewed by us *sequentially*, but if we were only far enough grown, we should perhaps see life as a whole, and view the apparently tangled skein revealed as an ordered pattern. Then there would be neither past nor future, but only the now.

So if by any means we can for a time transcend the ordinary limitations imposed by our time conditions, we should be able to read what is in front of us. But I am not sure that it is always wise for us so to do. There are times when it is to our benefit to know something of what lies in front of us, but on the whole, I do not think we have evolved far enough for such knowledge to be always of service to us.

We are men in the making; and for our evolution, faith is needed. Those who bawl out so loudly about the value of knowledge do not realise the value of faith. There is always room for faith, no matter how great is our knowledge. Indeed, the larger our knowledge, the deeper is our faith. Observe, I say, faith which must not be confounded with credulity which is an anaemic imitation of faith. Faith is always robust and strong, and is an indication of healthfulness of soul.

The further we go in our investigations and study of Spiritualism the clearer to us becomes the plan of creation. We cannot see the details, but we do get an assurance that "underneath are the everlasting arms," that the wondrous Power of the universe "has given his angels charge concerning us," and once that takes possession of our souls, the trials and disappointments of life can be borne with equanimity. This eagerness, then, to pry into the future may arise largely from lack of faith, a lack of realising that the power which has guided us and the world thus far is competent to complete its task.

Man is not a completed being; he is in the making. If God desired to make a perfect being he could have done it at a wish. Such a being would not, however, have been a perfect man, but a perfect puppet. God is engaged upon the great task of evolving man, a being who shall rise to the great height of being master of his destiny, and responsible to himself and his Maker. The only way, as far as we can see, for the evolution of such a being, is to cast him into the whirl of contending personalities and conflicting circumstances. This world is a forcing-house of souls, a place where *men* are made, a world where all kinds of conditions and changes obtain; and man has to learn, not only to adjust himself to the manifold changes of life and circumstances, but to *master* them. He is filled with desires of all kinds; he is not to become desireless—who wishes to become spiritually anaemic?—he is to *transmute* his desires. He has to learn that life is made up of opposites, of good and evil; and he has to learn by hard and painful struggle to choose the good. He has to unfold the divine prerogative of being a man. Very well then, what about fortune-telling? What have these reflections to do with that question? A great deal, it seems to me.

Let me speak from personal experience. As I look back over my life and see how things have evolved, I am amazed at the truly marvellous way things have turned out. Like others, I have been fearful of the future, I have been filled with doubts and uncertainties, and in sheer desperation I have mentally held on to the one thought that the power which brought me here is adequate to supply our needs. I never sought of scryers into the future. I felt that what it was necessary for me to

know would be told me. And whenever I have been more than usually cast down there has come, either through my own intuitions or through some other means, an encouraging message. And there has grown up in my mind the conviction that we ought not to seek to pry into the future.

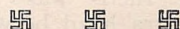
I have said we; perhaps I should qualify it, for different souls have different needs, and come by different ways to the light. For myself then, I think it is wrong for me to seek to use others to inquire into the future. Nevertheless, if anyone is endowed with the prophetic faculty it is clear evidence that it can be of service to others. Now that is the point, service to others. This first, and personal remuneration second. Understand me clearly; I believe "he that serves the altar must be kept by the altar." But no one should go into this kind of business with the sole object of making a living; the chief ideal must be to be of service to others. If this be kept to the forefront, then "all other things will be added" to them.

Unfortunately the term fortune-telling is very loosely used. It covers a lot of phenomena which have nothing to do with telling the future. The genuine psychic who desires to be of help to his fellows knows that what many need is a truer understanding of the present. If they can get this, the future automatically becomes clearer to them, and they are encouraged to hold on. They may not know what is round the corner, but they become confident that whatever it is, it will be for the best ultimately. And it is this conviction which most people need, more than being told what the future holds.

This is true hopefulness, and not the vain illusions which may deceive and mock, as the mirage of the desert, the weary travellers on life's highway. It is a question of high ideals. If these be ever present to the mind, then the light of a divine love shines over life, and we shall be as prone to thank God for adversity, as to be thankful for the pleasant things of life.

There is a profound meaning in these words, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," but our eyes are holden, and often blinded with tears, so that we cannot see the blessing hidden beneath the chastening rod of circumstance. Let us look up! The sun is always shining, likewise God's love and wisdom ever beams upon our souls. And He, who brought all things into being, will lead all over the wastes of life to the promised land, where we shall stand upright in the glory of the Lord, realising somewhat the great ideal of the Perfect Man.

I say the perfect man, but that term is necessarily relative to us. There can be no ultimate perfection, for progress is eternal; but to us the ideal is the realisation, as far as humanly possible, of the ideal in the mind of the Master Architect. And that should be sufficient. Let faith and knowledge be conjoined, and love and wisdom be ever with us, realised in the soul, then shall we have the magic staff to lean upon, to walk with, and to guide us—"Under *all* circumstances keep an *even* mind."



### A PRAYER.

I would not ask of life its golden store  
Of earthly treasures laid before my feet,  
The fame for which men strive, and value more  
Than simpler joys, more lasting and more sweet.

Give me a trusting heart, whose every beat  
Holds true desire to ease another's load;  
A word of sympathy for all I meet,  
With courage equal to the darkest road.

And, best of gifts, may this one thing be mine  
As steadfast, day by day, I work and wait:  
The tender care, the comradeship divine  
Of those I love, beyond Death's wicket-gate.

That, when a distant call shall summon me,  
Still guided by these messengers of love,  
Freed from the "garment of mortality,"  
I journey towards Thy Summerland above.

Edinburgh.

G. W. S.



## Lord Chief Justices who Had their Fortunes Told !

"CHEIRO" in his "Reminiscences of a Society Palmist" (Rider & Son) tells the story of how Lord Russell of Killowen, three years before he became Lord Chief Justice of England, went to him "to have his fortune told," as the phrase goes.

One day in the middle of my season in London (says the author), a very exacting and apparently severe old gentleman came to see me. There was certainly nothing in his appearance or dress to lead me for a moment to imagine that he was even then a very big man in his profession. Dates, however, seemed to interest him, and when I told him certain years in his past life which had caused important changes in his career, he did me the honour to delve back into his memory of the past and give me the satisfaction of knowing that the years I gave him were correct.

I then told him that in a certain year, and further in a given month in that year, he would reach the summit of whatever his profession was, and that he would at that moment hold the highest position that his career could confer on him.

He carefully took a note of what I told him, and then in a rather mocking way he said: "And now, sir, as you



LORD RUSSELL'S HAND.

have gone so far, you may as well make a guess at the exact day of this wonderful event."

"Call it a guess, if you wish," I replied, "but by my calculations the day should be any one of those days which make by addition the figure of one in the month of July, 1894—such as the first, tenth, nineteenth or twenty-eighth."

This he carefully noted, and then when I asked him to give me an impression of his hand for my collection, he turned and said: "You shall have it on one of the days you have mentioned, provided your predictions shall have become verified." And so my strange visitor left.

Some three years later Cheiro was summoned to the High Courts of Justice, and, as no explanation was given him as to who wanted him or for what purpose his attendance was required, he was in a very nervous state of mind while he waited in a badly furnished room at the back of one of the principal courts.

Minute after minute passed (says Cheiro) until nearly an hour had gone. I had imagined myself tried and executed in a hundred different ways, when suddenly a side door opened and the Lord Chief Justice appeared before me in all the majesty of his robes of office.

I admit I did not recognise my client of some years before, but without waiting a moment, rolling up his sleeves, he said: "I am willing to keep my promise; you can have impressions of my hands now."



LORD ALVERSTONE'S HAND.

I had no apparatus for doing such work with me, but there was not a moment to be lost. I lit a legal-looking candle standing on the table, blackened some sheets of paper which the Lord Chief Justice himself found in a drawer, and in a few minutes I had obtained an excellent impression of his hands.

Taking a pen, he wrote "Russell of Killowen," with the date, and simply said: "You see I have kept my promise; this is the first day I have put on these robes as Lord Chief Justice of England—your date was correct, though how you did it I cannot imagine."

That was assuredly the act of a very brave and honest man. Newly enrobed as the chief dignitary of English law, Lord Russell was not afraid to acknowledge the accuracy of the prediction arrived at by palmistry and numerology, nor to give a signed impression of his hands on paper stamped with the seal of the High Courts of Justice. And this, notwithstanding the fact that, if Cheiro had been arraigned before him for doing similar service for anyone else, it would have been his duty to condemn him under the fortune-telling clauses of the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts—at least according to the recent rulings of his Lordship's much less able successors, Lord Chief Justice A. T. Lawrence and Lord Chief Justice Gordon Hewart.

The great Lord Chief Justice Alverstone also had his hands read by Mr. C. W. Child in his private room at the Royal Courts of Justice on May 29, 1905, and gave his permission to publish the signed impression of his hand taken on that occasion. We sent his Lordship copies of the *International Psychic Gazette* in which the impressions of his own and Lord Russell of Killowen's hands appeared, and he graciously wrote thanking us for the same in a letter we published in facsimile at the time.

☸ ☸ ☸

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,  
"I should really like to know,  
Why those anxious human beings  
Rush about, and worry so?"

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,  
"Friend, I think that it must be  
That they have no Heavenly Father,  
Such as cares for you and me."

—Elise Emmons.



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### A Storm in a Teacup!

MR. GEORGE F. BERRY, the General Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union, seems to have a grievance against this *Gazette* and its editor because of the non-publication of a letter he sent us on February 16 last, relative to the S.N.U. Parliamentary Committee and its administration of the fund publicly subscribed to secure the amendment of the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts and to provide adequate protection to mediums.

His obvious suggestion is that we burked his letter, and thereby denied him an opportunity of replying to our criticism of the Parliamentary Committee's failure to perform the grave duties entrusted to it. He has accordingly sent this letter of February 16 and the personal correspondence that passed between us to the editor of *The Two Worlds*, who has obligingly printed them in his issue of December 18.

Mr. Berry has, however, only partially reproduced the correspondence, and in particular he has very carelessly, or carefully, omitted the one essential part, which fully explained his letter's non-appearance in this *Gazette*. This is a telegram he sent us on February 24, after consulting with the individual members of the Parliamentary Committee, as follows:—

#### "S.N.U. LETTER WITHDRAWN, BERRY."

Had he been frank enough to publish this telegram, and our acknowledgment of the same sent on same date, his grievance would have been seen to be entirely without substance. Perhaps he will be good enough to explain why he failed to print these two documents in their proper place, and only referred to the telegram in very misleading terms in his introduction.

The circumstances which led up to this countermanding telegram may be briefly stated. On receipt of his letter of February 16, we wrote to Mr. Berry (February 17) as follows:—

"The further letter you enclose is a reply to the *Gazette* leader of December, and is a repetition of what you have already more fully published in the *National Spiritualist* for January. Your Committee's instruction to forward this letter was obviously given [on January 25] before receipt of the February *Gazette*, dealing with 'Brightening Prospects' and amicably closing the discussion (so far as the *Gazette* was concerned) on the ground that it had served its purpose. Had your Committee seen this leader they would probably, I think, have instructed you otherwise.

"My feeling, therefore, is that it would be rather a pity to reopen the discussion by printing this rather belated letter—[sent us ten weeks after the publication of our December article, six weeks after Mr. Berry had printed his lengthy reply in the January *National Spiritualist*, the official organ of the Spiritualists' National Union, of which he is editor, and a fortnight after we had replied to the same in our February number, as he admits in the letter to his colleagues printed below]—as that would involve its having to be replied to paragraph by paragraph, and would inevitably revive the record of past mistakes, without, so far as I can see, accomplishing any good purpose.

"I shall, therefore, be glad if you will, either on your own initiative, or after consulting the members of the Parliamentary Committee, let me know whether you think the discussion may now rest, or whether it must be further prolonged. In any case, I should bar the introduction of any names, as the discussion should be confined to the Parliamentary Fund and its administration."

We may mention here that our leader on "Brightening Prospects" in the February *Gazette*

had been inspired by an advance copy of the *National Spiritualist* for February, which Mr. Berry had been good enough to send us, and which reported that energetic action had at last been taken by himself and Mr. Richard Boddington, by means of which "the S.N.U. Parliamentary Bill has been advanced several stages," and that further important action was about to follow. We therefore wrote:—

"This is very good news indeed, and we congratulate Messrs. Berry and Boddington on so promising a result of their recent activities. We now seem at last within measurable distance of seeing our Reform Bill, designed to end the present iniquitous oppression of Spiritualists under ancient enactments, laid on the table of the House of Commons, and with good luck it may be placed on the nation's Statute Book at an early date."

In a preceding paragraph we had claimed that "our statement of the facts [as to the Parliamentary Committee and its administration of the Fund], if necessarily pointed has been studiously temperate, and on no point has its accuracy been successfully challenged." [This still holds good notwithstanding Mr. Berry's recent efforts to raise a smoke-screen!] "But we now refrain from pursuing this discussion for a reason we believe our readers will readily appreciate. Our statements were designed to awake the Committee from its strange and long-prolonged inertness, and will stand as a true record of an unhappy period in the history of British Spiritualism. They have happily had their effect, and we shall be more than content if these untoward events are quickly consigned to the limbo of a forgotten past."

When, a fortnight later, Mr. Berry received our letter of February 17, he immediately dispatched a copy to the members of the Parliamentary Committee with the following note:—

"DEAR COLLEAGUES,—Re reply to *Psychic Gazette* article. In accordance with the instruction of the Committee and Council, I sent in to the *International Psychic Gazette* a condensed copy of our article in the January issue of the *National Spiritualist*, quite unaware, as we all were, that the *International Psychic Gazette* was making reference to my reply in its February issue. The editor has written me in the following terms [copy of letter] suggesting that the matter may be considered closed, and I therefore ask your advice whether we shall fall in with the suggestion, or that I press for the insertion of the official reply."

Six days later, on February 24, he sent us the telegram—"S.N.U. LETTER WITHDRAWN, BERRY," which obviously expressed the united will of the Parliamentary Committee.

With the above facts before them we leave our readers to judge whether it was we, or Mr. Berry and the Parliamentary Committee, who were responsible for the non-publication in *Gazette* of the letter of February 16, and how far Mr. Berry is justified in the following travesty of the facts he has had printed in *The Two Worlds*:—

"The editor [of the *I.P.G.*] wrote requesting permission not to insert this reply on the grounds that it was belated, it was a summary of an article which had already appeared in the *National Spiritualist*, and that his February article might be considered an AMICABLE SETTLEMENT of the discussion. I put these reasons before my colleagues, and on the strength of the promised 'brightening prospects' of an amicable settlement, it was agreed to waive the right of reply, and I wired the editor to that effect."

The words in small capitals are thus emphasised by Mr. Berry himself, but whenever or wherever did we "request permission NOT to insert," or say anything about an "AMICABLE SETTLEMENT"? Or when did we refer to any "brightening prospects" of an amicable settlement? We certainly heartily welcomed the dawn of "Brightening Prospects" for Parliamentary action, inspired by Mr. Berry's sudden awakening to praiseworthy activity last January, but, alas, these have turned out to be a mere melancholy mirage, creating false hopes not to be realised, for since then another year has been added to the Parliamentary Committee's painful record of "NINE YEARS AND NOTHING DONE!"

J. L.



## How Spiritualism is Shaping Human Destiny.

**D**R. J. MAXWELL, Attorney-General in the Courts of Justice at Bordeaux, contributed on this great topic a paper of high importance to the recent Spiritualist's World Congress at Paris. It was read by M. Jean Meyer, who is himself the unifying centre of all Spiritualistic and Psychical Research effort in France, and it was universally admired for its penetrative philosophic insight into the part being played by Spiritualism as a potent force in shaping for good the future destiny of the world. The following are the essential parts of the learned doctor's paper :—

Persons who possess a religious faith have an ideal which is not limited to material experience founded on our imperfect senses. Unfortunately, the principal religions have rigid forms and their dogmas are fixed. Every religion is the product of the human spirit however primitive its inspiration may be. From the moment it assumes a definite form it loses all the plasticity indispensable to progress. Then the march of humanity passes beyond the point at which that special religion has stopped, and the latter ceases to be in harmony with the more rapid progress of science and ethical ideas.

It appears that the profound trouble in human society arises from this discord between the great forms of religious sentiment and human progress. The old ideal no longer corresponds to the newer collective thought, which severely criticises dogmas incompatible with its conceptions. These dogmas have taken a precise, material, concrete form and have lost the spirit which gave life to their symbolism.

Materialism sanctified by the admirable progress of the nineteenth century in the knowledge of natural laws and their technical applications, has set its mark on the human mind. It has aimed to limit its researches to the study of phenomena, denying the possibility of going beyond these. This habit of thought has had sorry results on social evolution. The ideal has become materialised, reduced to the dimensions of the personal life, and degraded to inferior forms of well-being, pleasure, and egoism, whose blindness is calculated to appal one. Where are we going on this mad course, led on by guides who have no vision, on a path whose descent is ever steeper and more slippery? Civilisations are born and die when they no longer know how to transform themselves. They may endure more or less long, but they do not escape the end destined to every human work. They die, but they may also be reborn, and the problem presented is to prepare the soil for the new forms that human culture is developing for the future.

No work is durable if the confidence of man in his future destiny remains unrelated to his edification, and alone in the growing powers of Spiritualist doctrines will be found the cement to give solidity to the structure. I believe this, for these doctrines have nothing which collides with good sense. When studied from the biological point of view they throw an unexpected light upon the constitution of the living being, particularly on the human being. They allow us to catch a glimpse of the mechanism of life which directs natural forces towards determinate ends, but is not opposed to them.

I have always hesitated to think that human intelligence should be less privileged than the purely material forces of which it makes use. The conservation of energy, its transformation into heat, motion, electricity, etc., is an axiom whose truth is doubtless relative, but whose reality is certain in relation to us. Energy is transformed but it is not lost. The same is true of matter, which is perhaps in reality only a form of energy. Hence I do not understand the disappearance of the intelligence when death destroys the body. The elements of the body again become carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, etc. Why should the intelligence disappear when all the phenomena of life demonstrate its superiority?

The materialistic theory in fashion in the nineteenth century is no longer seriously supported, and the works of its most ardent protagonist, Haeckel, are curiously out of date, after half a century. Evolution has for its principle, adaptation, but also progress, and the most elementary examination shows that progress is in the direction of the adaptation of the body to the functions of the intelligence. Limestone does indeed crystallise into marble, carbon into diamond, but these purely internal reactions have nothing in common with those of living beings; they reveal no tendency to progress. The forms which non-living matter assumes are the

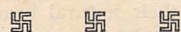
same since the origin of the world, but living beings have been profoundly modified since the appearance of their primitive forms in the primary epoch. They have become adapted, not only to live but to live *better*. This progress presumes an effort on the part of the individual; it evokes the idea of an ordeal to undergo, of a merit to be rewarded. It reveals itself as a moral law, not as a necessity of nature. If this idea conforms to what we conceive as justice, it follows that progress under all its forms is possible, but is not fatalistic. It presumes an action of the individual energy, an action persistent and tenacious which sometimes succeeds and sometimes fails. It involves choice. From this general idea, discovered on the analysis of the phenomena of life, flow those of faith in human liberty, faith in our destiny, and confidence in an omnipotent and just Nature.

We do not live merely to amuse ourselves or seek distractions. To live is a serious thing, a school where we have lessons to learn, and duties to accomplish. The lot which falls to us is not a result of blind chance, to be accepted not with passive resignation but with conscious courage, by doing everything to prepare ourselves for a better destiny.

Thus may be constructed an ethic almost scientific in character, the practice of which brings peace of mind and faith in the future. The same peace would reign in societies if each member would understand that there is a solidarity with others to a certain degree, and that the amelioration of his own lot resided less in his capacity to enjoy life than in his aptitude to make use of life to accomplish the duties which fall upon each of us.

Here is the solution of the moral problem, which at the same time is the social problem. This is what demands your and my attention, and our conclusions are the same. The Spiritualist doctrines represent the present day effort of the human mind to seek the reciprocation of Nature, seen and unseen; they represent the path traced out for us by great philosophers since Pythagoras and Plato. It is not by the study of Spiritualist phenomena alone that the founders of Spiritualism will have rendered service to science, in pushing forward the knowledge of living beings and particularly of man. They have enlarged the domain of biology and anthropology, and have helped us to understand the great laws of evolution and heredity in causing us to perceive fragments of the individuality which unceasingly compel us to prepare ourselves for better lives.

It is in this moral work that Spiritualism appears to me destined to play a great part. It may restore to humanity the ideal which seems lost, that faith in itself which humanity no longer possesses, the sentiment of its permanency and continuity, with the obligations imposed on it by its free but responsible immortality.



### WATER-LILIES.

I sat and gazed upon a wealth of gems,  
 Outweighing far the gathered store of kings;  
 They rested on a bosom, gently moved in rhythm  
 by an inward breath  
 That stirred the light and shade to sparkling life;  
 Wide open to the sun, whose blended ray has painted  
 them in colours of his own,  
 The lilies waked and played their masquerade,  
 Seeming of earth, while whispering of heaven.  
 I turned me to a book of mystic lore  
 And lost myself therein, till at a touch,  
 A touch which woe'd my straying spirit back, I raised  
 my eyes! That finger on my soul  
 Had, during my unconscious hour, been laid on every  
 tree, bird, blade, and flower;  
 A hush and stillness spoke a Vesper Peace;  
 I saw no movement, yet the flowers were folded tight,  
 the lilies tired, like children, with the day's delight,  
 Had gone to sleep, their beauty tucked like trusting  
 baby hands  
 Within the robe of evening, who had crooned them  
 into rest;  
 Faintly, yet with an aching sweetness to my sense  
 floated the perfume of their closing prayer.

M. ETHELWYN HALL.



## The Late James L. Macbeth Bain.

An Appreciation by TOM CHARMAN.

AS one who had the privilege of being an old friend of James Macbeth Bain, or "Brother James" as he was more usually called, it was with personal sorrow that I recently heard of his passing, though I am happy to feel that he has at last reached his true sphere of action.

At one time I could count on seeing him at least once or twice a year. To me he was always a particularly welcome friend, giving out unconsciously an atmosphere of rare spirituality, which was very elevating and helpful. His great love for everybody he met was a striking characteristic, and to some people it was at times quite embarrassing, as occasionally in moments of joy he would embrace them for some little kindness he had observed them do to another.

He always seemed so lost in the sorrows or joys of life that he became unconscious of such things as time and space, and if he was due on any particular day to visit you, you learnt not to be disappointed if there was any delay, for he was apt to get involved in all kinds of concerns by the way. I remember inviting him to come and see me in the New Forest. A kind friend who motored him over one Sunday morning had on arriving started to do something to the car, but on looking

round he could not find Brother James anywhere. It was after an hour or more had passed that we saw a gay figure emerge from the little village chapel. I say gay, for his broad-brimmed hat held a profusion of wild flowers, and he was smiling with delight. He told us that when he had heard the singing he could not resist going into the chapel, as wheresoever there was singing that was the place for him. He always gave every encouragement to the joys of life. That same day a brake of merry trippers drove past, and seeing his flowers and his gay smile, they shouted their greetings, taking him for one of themselves.

This was the last time I saw him, though he had often expressed by letter his intention to come again when prompted. He always held that the spirit alone led, and that obedience to this principal brought inner peace. His clear understanding of the spiritual significance of the varied movements he contacted was of great help to the promoters, especially when failure seemed to be stamped upon these efforts from the material standpoint.

My wife and I find his books very wonderful, not only in what they say, but in the spiritual atmosphere they create, which is always uplifting. When they are appreciated by a wider public, they cannot fail to help forward the ideals of peace and goodwill, of which he was ever a mystical champion. Our close association will always remain with me a delightful memory.

## My Visit to the Summerland.

By LILY JARVIS.

WE are often told we visit the Summerland during sleep, but the pity of it is, we so seldom remember on awakening where we have been, or what we have seen.

Occasionally I have been able to recall my visions, and what impresses me most is the intense brightness of the Summerland. It can best be described as a very strong white light, but not at all dazzling to the spiritual sight. Our very brightest day here is as twilight compared to it.

Another thing I have noted is the immense distance one can see there. The fields are also of a more vivid green, and are dotted over with small flowers. When one lies down to rest on the grass there, it does not leave an impression, but the blades of grass or the flowers rise as soon as the weight is removed, and are as beautiful and fresh as before. I have seen the most lovely flower beds of all sizes and shapes, and the blending of the colours is exquisite. Many of the flowers are larger than ours, and we have no words to describe their colours. The trees also grow in their natural beauty, their branches expanding in all directions.

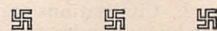
In the woods I have seen many little children dressed in white playing at hide-and-seek, and making the woods ring with their merry laughter. I have also seen open-air swimming baths, which appeared to be of white marble, and are much appreciated as a means of enjoyment.

On one occasion an angel-mother came to me with a lot of toy balloons, and about thirty little children, whose ages apparently ranged from one to three years. I was told the little ones had all been prematurely born children, and had passed over without any knowledge of earth-life. The balloons were in the shape of our domestic animals, and I was asked if I would give the little ones a lesson about them; so nothing loth I sat down with the kiddies around me, and blew up a balloon in the shape of a cat. I explained as simply as possible all about pussy and her habits, then passed it on to one of the babies. I proceeded to blow up the others in turn; there were dogs, horses, and lambs, in fact almost all animals were represented. I think I enjoyed giving the lesson quite as much as they enjoyed hearing it, and they seemed very pleased with their new playfellows.

All too soon my guide appeared and said it was time for me to return. She said, "Think of your home and will to be there." As this thought came, I seemed to whiz through the air as though I had been shot from a rocket. It was most exhilarating and delightful, and in what seemed hardly a moment I arrived at my bedroom window. On looking into the room, I saw my husband sleeping, and my own body lying beside him. I do not remember entering the house, but I awoke apparently at once, and sat up in bed to meditate upon my new experience.

On only two occasions have I been conscious of my spirit being withdrawn from my body. It is a very peculiar sensation. I felt as though a hand were placed

upon my solar plexus, and was drawing my nerves into a bunch. The feeling started in the extreme ends of my toes, and the nerves seemed to be drawn slowly upwards. The same feeling also commenced in the tips of my fingers, and passed up my arms, and the two sets of nerves seemed to meet at my chest; my heart then gave a jump, and my spirit was free. I wondered what was happening the first time I experienced this feeling, and when later I asked my guide to explain it, she answered, "We allowed you to be conscious while we withdrew your spirit." I asked if they would be kind enough to repeat the experience so that I might take especial notice of it, and they kindly did so on another night.



### THE CHRIST'S NEW EPIPHANY.

"A little child shall lead them."

If thou wouldst bring the reign of Christ on earth,  
With words of Love Divine, all reconciled,  
"Come unto Me!"

Back must thou go to suffer a new birth,  
Content to know thyself a little child—  
God's fool to be.

Choose for thyself before His mighty throne,  
To serve the King with those poor wits of thine,  
A lowly place.

Sing, dance, or play and jest for Him alone,  
Craving no guerdon save a smile divine  
Upon His face.

Paris.

M. L. S.

NOTE.—The above is an epitome of the Gospel of Jesus as revealed in the life of the sainted young nun of Lisieux in Normandy—La Petite Sœur Thérèse who was canonised as a Saint last year. A new school of Catholicism it seems has been formed, especially among the rising generation of Frenchmen, to carry out the teachings and example of this new Spirit Guide, and to invoke her assistance in time of trouble. She goes about now working as a Sister of Mercy in the spirit-world, and many miraculous acts have been recorded of her appearances and aid. When on earth she often used to say, "I can rejoice at my own littleness because only little children, and those who are like them, shall be admitted to his heavenly banquet." One of her last sayings was, "When I have found my heaven I will not stay there. I will spend my heaven by coming back to earth and doing good and trying to help. My longing will be the same in heaven as on earth—to love Jesus with all the love of a child and to make Him loved." —M. L. S.



## IN LOVE'S KEEPING.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—*Bible*.

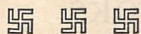
"Angels are round the good man to catch the incense of his prayer."—*Tupper*.

**W**HAT a wonderful guardianship is ours—this glorious surveillance of Omnipotence! There is no vigil so tender, so far-reaching as this. Think of the mighty worlds that lie in the hollow of His hand, of the angel host ever ready to do His behest! Can we ever realise the wealth of that gracious assertion, "My presence shall go with you"?—the presence of an abiding love, a fullness of joy passing the comprehension of suffering humanity, while at the right hand of Omnipotence there are "pleasures for evermore."

Not only are the souls of the righteous in God's gracious keeping, but the bleat of the straying sheep awakens compassion and yearning, and He resteth not until it is gathered into the fold. Nothing is too small to escape Love's notice. Not only does He mark the way of the eagle, and create the beauty of the stars, but ever vigilant He keeps in custody the tiniest insect that creeps and the smallest human efforts in His vast creation.

Eager searching ones, do you ever dream of that full-orbed moon of love, shining softly on the harvest field of your purest endeavours? Do you hear with me the gentle approach of the white-robed angel reaper waiting to thrust his sickle into the ripened wheat? Are you consciously living in the light of God's countenance and permeated with His presence? Love is a sleepless eternity. The mere thought of it makes one reel; and as life unfolds and the soul grows dark with baffling problems a cry goes forth from the heart of the seeker: "Watchman, what of the night?"

Can you hear the soft reply that steals like balm to the chastened spirit? "The morning cometh," yea, a dawn of unparalleled splendour; and, knowing this, we can wait, for beneath all our earth-conflicts, frailties, and misunderstandings are Love's everlasting arms.



## "THINGS HIDDEN."

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

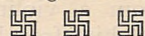
**S**PIRITUALISM is by many people termed "wicked." One hears them say that "there may be something in it—doubtless there is—but it is wrong to delve into things hidden; we should live by faith and not seek to draw aside the curtain which divides the seen from the unseen."

To a thinking person this attitude seems almost absurd. Everything is more or less hidden and mysterious until we seek an explanation and strive to understand. Once people thought the world was a flat almost endless plain, and now it seems incredible to us that they could have been so ignorant as to believe this for one moment. Wireless and other wonderful things, unknown a few years ago, are now accomplished facts, and we owe their discovery to men who did not deem it wicked to delve into hidden mysteries. They sought to grasp knowledge of things which existed, lying unseen, but waiting to be brought to light.

I think things are so hidden to give us a field in which to work. We are meant to probe into the mysteries around, and so gain understanding and knowledge. If it were wicked for us to

commune with the Unseen World, would the spirit people, who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow and entered into the greater and holier life, be likely to come back and tempt their loved ones to wrong doing?

The answer a religious sceptic would give here is that all communicating spirits are evil, and merely impersonate our dear ones, and so through our love lead us into sin. This idea is nonsense to anyone who has experienced spirit communication. If the beautiful lectures we hear, and the sweet, helpful messages we receive, are the work of evil ones, then it is strange that instead of tempting us to sin they are helping us to live aright, and teaching us to walk the straight and narrow way. One who knows anything at all about Spiritualism knows that these talks we get are far too beautiful to come from anywhere else but the Land of Goodness beyond the grave.



## RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

By ELLA MCKAY, Beattock.

**I**T is strange the world is taking so long to awake to the realities of Spiritualism! The truth is, many people glance affrighted at it, for they have heard it termed by orthodox friends as "The Work of the Devil," and refuse to investigate its depths of truth. A well-known orthodox minister once preached a famous sermon, supposed to be the shortest on record. He took for his text: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," and he followed it up by:—

"Man's life is divided into three stages:—(1) His advent into the world; (2) His progress through the world; and, (3) His egress from the world. Well, his advent into the world is naked and bare; his progress through the world is trouble and care; his egress from the world is—nobody knows where! And I couldn't tell you any more if I preached the whole year. The collection will now be taken."

That has been the average church-goer's idea of life, and he has been contented with it. Beyond earthly life there might be beautiful flowers in a garden, around the throne of God, white-clad winged musicians wandering around with stringed instruments, or there might be something quite different—a fearful devil, with horns, hoofs and tail, who in certain circumstances would conduct you down awful steps to the eternal fires.

Now, however, the modern man's mind is groping after a more rational view of the unknown, and is seeking to probe the mysteries of life. His developing mind refuses to be satisfied with old creeds and dogmas, and his aspiring intelligence soars after progress in religion as in all other things. The "angel" idea is gradually giving place to the "spirit" one, for surely the two words mean the same. The poet asks us, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" Yes, we answer, every soul that has worthily passed through its time of preparation on the earth plane is a ministering spirit now, to friends still in the body.

The dread of a terrible "hell" has passed away almost altogether. Nobody now believes in the region of horrors described by orthodox preachers until recently. There is still a "hell," but it is the creation of a man himself. His vices and passions build up for him a "hell" in reality, which consumes his heart until his conscience acts sufficiently to master it. He can destroy his "hell," even as he created it, by coming into line with the law of righteousness.

Philosophers are not now so apt to swallow the old creeds. Science shows us that there can be no material "heaven" above the azure overhead, which is infinite. There is no special sphere in the region of Jupiter to which souls are conveyed. And neither is there any actual place in the bowels of the earth, as was formerly supposed, corresponding to the Biblical "hell."

The story of the Bible is really a beautiful one. If the Christians of the Church would but follow the story of Christ as an idea of the perfect ideal, meant to be copied, much good would come of it. But it is the implicit belief in the mythical elements introduced that causes the harm. But I am convinced the world makes progress towards the Light of Truth, and that this is being fostered by Spiritualism more than by any other religious agency.



## “He Openeth the Prison Doors.”

By M. ETHELWYN HALL.

I AM puzzled to understand the distance in time which appears to elapse between happenings in the spirit world which seem to “belong near together.” For instance, a “picture happening” which came to me this morning, December 20th, 1925, belongs to one related in the *International Psychic Gazette* for January, 1924. Probably it is merely my inability to comprehend Timelessness!

In the former vision, which I called “How the Blind Musician was set free,” I saw the passing, on the Other Side, of a soul who had been chained in the dark spheres by his duty to a sunken wife; but being blind on that plane he did not see the horror of the “house” in which he lived, and always had a way of escape into the higher worlds on the wings of music, which he drew from a violin. One day the Master came and set him free, leading him away to “His own place.”

To-day, December 20, 1925, I stood again in the sordid room, and saw once more the cast-off form of The Musician, lying where he had left it when he followed The Radiant One. In the corner was the same bed, and on it the same dirty haggard face and dishevelled hair of the woman. Two women had joined her and were adding their noisy lamentations to hers, and finding great satisfaction in the excitement.

The door opened and two people came in—a middle-aged man and woman, quiet of demeanour and giving the feeling of gentleness and strength. They might have been members of the Salvation Army, but had no distinctive uniform. They approached the bed and were received in amazed silence by all three women, till they quietly asked what the trouble was? The bedridden woman pointed her skinny finger at the form huddled in the chair and explained that her husband was dead. The two visitors smiled, and going to the “body” the man put one hand beneath its head, the woman doing the same under the knees, and together lifted it like a feather, went towards the window, opened it, and poising the form on their hands just wafted it out into the air. It floated upwards, and gradually dispersed like smoke in a wind and was no more!

Then turning to the bed the visitors told the woman it was but a thought-form, which her husband had worn,

and now that he had gone to the land where his desires had long found their home he needed it no more. No longer was he blind, for he had reached the land of his natural vision. Then they gently touched on the misery he had been spared since his death on earth, in that he could not see the filth of his surroundings. Whereat the woman was very angry, and pointing to her sheet, said, “Look! these aren’t so dirty; what are you talking about?” “No,” said the lady visitor, “those have just been put on *outside* by your conventional griefs but your body and your face and hair are not white and clean.” Whereat the woman was furious and began to swear and curse at her visitors, who answered nothing but pointed to the sheet which was spread over her, and she too saw that with every word she spoke it got dirtier and dirtier. At this point the other two women, looking thoroughly scared, sidled to the door and passed out, leaving the old woman alone with the strangers.

Her terror at the sight of the changed sheet stopped the flow of her language, and then the lady, putting a gentle hand on the grimy sheet, told her that both she and her blind husband had left earth—she longer than he—but that his idea of his marriage had brought him to her, until The Great White Comrade had come to set him free. Then the woman said in an awed voice, “He came here! Well, I never saw him!”

“No,” was the answer, “but *because* He came something of His beauty must have touched you, even though you were not conscious of it. See, you have no need to stay in bed; that is only your idea. Let me help you to get up.” And so doing she gently drew back the clothes from the dirty shrunken body and laid bare the feet. “See,” she said, “He *has* been here, and He has begun to cleanse you, though you knew it not.”

The woman thereupon sat up and stared in great amazement at her feet, which were white and beautiful as a child’s. With a half-ashamed and apologetic laugh she said, “My mother always said that my feet were the best part of me, but I had forgotten that!”

Slowly she put her feet to the ground, and as she did so memory awoke, and she saw them no longer on bare and dirty boards, but set on cool green grass. Other pictures came, and her sordid surroundings were replaced by her childhood’s memories.

The onlookers knew that now, for the first time, she was able to re-live her life and that when she had done so she too would pass from these dark places to others less sordid, until her freedom was complete. Then the Ministering Ones could lead her onward, teaching her the way of a new life—“Behold! I make all things new.”

## Brief Notices of New Books.

“PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.” Trance addresses full of instruction delivered in America by Mr. J. J. Morse, surveying the whole field of mediumistic faculty. (*Two Worlds Publishing Co. 1/-*.) Mr. Morse lectured all over the British Empire, edited in turn *The Banner of Life* in America and *The Two Worlds* in England, and was one of the finest trance mediums the world has ever known.

“SOUND IN RELATION TO HEALTH,” by Mr. Horace Leaf, is a recent pamphlet (price 6d.). “Nothing seems more clear than that sound is related to our physical and mental states, and with care may be recruited as a valuable and pleasant agent for the destruction of disease and the wooing and winning of good health.” This interesting manual contains many striking facts and some suggested exercises in sounds for curative purposes.

“THE SILENT VOICE” is a little book containing the third series of teachings received by the anonymous author during prayer, and written down immediately after. “They come spasmodically, weeks and months sometimes passing without any being received,” but “when they come there is no mistaking them.” They are mostly in the form of teachings direct from the founder of Christianity, as in Thomas à Kempis’ “Imitation of Christ,” but that is not specifically claimed, and readers are left to form their own opinion about the source and quality of the inspirations. (*G. Bell & Sons, 2/- net.*)

“THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,” twelve lectures by Mr. W. H. Evans, the Merthyr mystic, summarises the five huge volumes of highly-inspired revelations given through the entranced Poughkeepsie seer, illuminated by Mr. Evan’s comments on the obscurer aspects. Dr. Davis ante-dated the so-called dawn of Spiritualism of the Fox Sisters and his profound teachings are now made more accessible to

Spiritualists and others by this volume. (*Spiritualists’ National Union. 3/6 net.*)

“POLARIZATION” is a New Thought work by Paul Tyner, author of “The Greatest Power in the World,” teaching its readers how to polarise their thought and purpose in accordance with spiritual law. “This great problem of polarization,” says the author, “must mean a tremendous acceleration of man’s progress in all wise and beautiful ways, a going onward and upward in the mastery of Nature’s forces and their intelligent utilisation—not for stupid and selfish individual aggrandisement merely, but for the general good, the betterment of life’s conditions for all.” (*Fowlers. 4/- net.*)

“LOVE AND DEATH” is the narrative of a lady who lost her husband at the very beginning of the war and her son at the very end of it. She was deeply prejudiced against Spiritualism and mediums, but read Lodge’s “Raymond” and Myers’ “Human Personality” and then, acting under spiritual pressure from her son, went anonymously and without an introduction to Mrs. Brittain. This well-known medium at once described her mother’s appearance, character, last illness and death with great accuracy. Then her husband and son were exactly described, and Mrs. Brittain became the intermediary of convincing messages from both, much as if she was repeating messages from them coming into her ear through the telephone. The communication thus set up was happily continued, and is reported in detail. Sir Oliver Lodge, who writes the foreword, says, “This book represents no journalistic or sensational effort, and has only been undertaken as a religious duty. Accordingly, I select it as a favourable example of what many bereaved people have experienced, told in a simple and unaffected manner; and I commend it to the public as a human document.” (*Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6 net.*)



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11 a.m. Sir A. Conan Doyle. 6.30 p.m. Rev. G. Vale Owen.  
Jan. 10th. 11 a.m. F. Bligh Bond. 6.30 p.m. Mrs. Gardiner.  
Jan. 17th. 11 a.m. Maj. Colley. 6.30 p.m. Rev. G. Vale Owen.  
Jan. 24th. 11 a.m. Mrs. B. McKenzie. 6.30 p.m. Vice-Adml. Drury-Lowe.  
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